

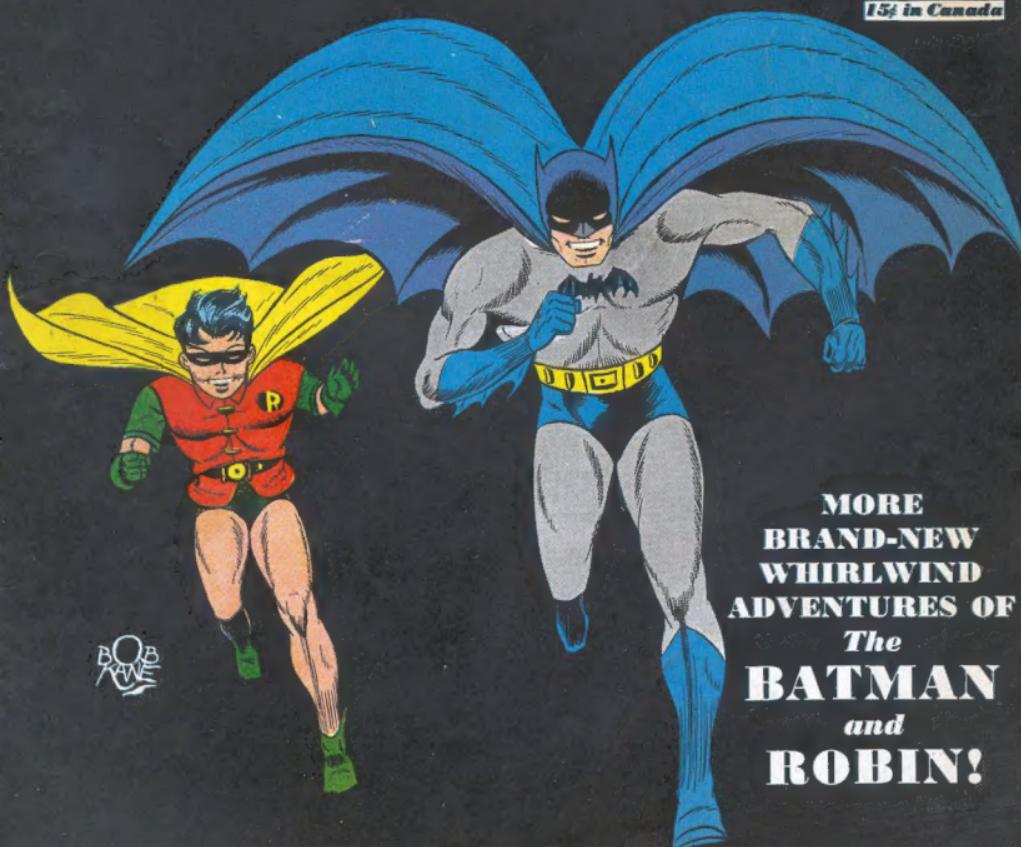
No. 3

FALL ISSUE

BATMAN



10¢
15¢ in Canada



BOB
KANE

MORE
BRAND-NEW
WHIRLWIND
ADVENTURES OF
The
BATMAN
and
ROBIN!

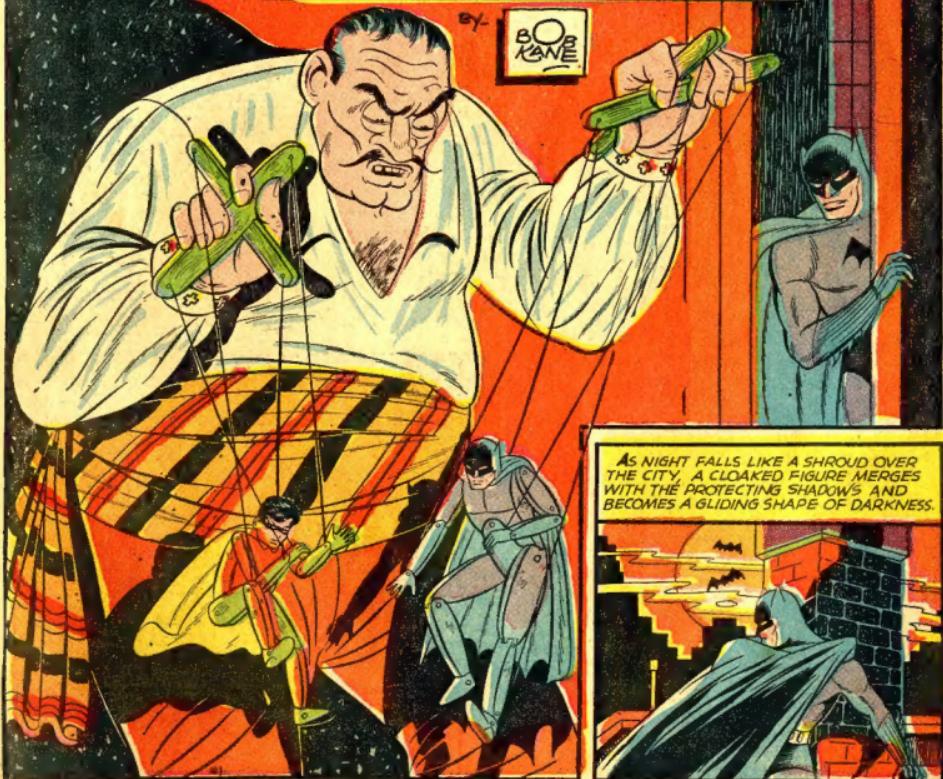
BATMAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

BRUCE WAYNE, BORED SOCIETY PLAYBOY BY DAY, AVENGER OF CRIME BY NIGHT! THIS IS THE WAY OF THAT STRANGE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE KNOWN AS THE BATMAN! WITH HIS YOUNG SIDEKICK, DICK GRAYSON, CALLED ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, HE AGAIN MATCHES WITS WITH AN EVIL, ALL-POWERFUL BEING ABLE TO SWAY THE MINDS OF MEN... A BEING WHO PULLS THE STRINGS OF HIS HUMAN MARIONETTES WITH MAD, SKILLFUL FINGERS! THIS IS... "THE STRANGE CASE OF THE DIABOLICAL PUPPET MASTER"

BY-

BOB KANE





THE BATMAN LEARNS THE MAN IS THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, DR. CRAIG!

EVER SEE THOSE MEN BEFORE? KNOW WHAT THEY MIGHT BE AFTER?

NO! UNLESS IT IS MY FORMULA FOR ATOMIC ENERGY! IT WOULD BE OF TREMENDOUS VALUE IN WAR!

A FORMULA FOR ATOMIC ENERGY! MANY A FOREIGN POWER WOULD LIKE TO OWN THAT SECRET!

AS DR. CRAIG WALKS, HE NOTICES A SMALL SCRATCH ON HIS HAND...

I MUST HAVE SCRATCHED MYSELF BY ACCIDENT WHEN THAT FELLOW BUMPED INTO ME! OH WELL, IT'S JUST A SCRATCH!

WHEN DR. CRAIG GOES ON HIS WAY...

JUST A SCRATCH... A TINY SCRATCH... YET IT IS THIS SCRATCH THAT IS THE BEGINNING OF WHAT WAS MEANT TO BE A SCHEME SO FANTASTIC AS TO BE ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE

THE NEXT DAY... AS BRUCE WAYNE WALKS THE STREETS....

WELL! MY PLAYFUL COMPANIONS OF LAST NIGHT! NOW, WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'VE ENTERED THAT ALLEY?

I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THOSE MEN WERE?

SURE, THEY WORK THEM PUPPET STRINGS IN THE SHOW HERE! THAT'S IT OVER THERE!

"DMITRI" THE PUPPET MASTER
Beneath his PUPPETEER

AT THAT NIGHT'S SHOW BRUCE IS AMONG THE AUDIENCE.

IN AN EMPTY DRESSING ROOM NEXT TO THE ONE OCCUPIED BY THE PUPPET MASTER... ROBIN THE BOY WONDER?

SWIFTLY, ROBIN APPLIES AN INSTRUMENT TO THE WALL VERY MUCH LIKE A DOCTOR'S STETHOSCOPE, ENABLING HIM TO HEAR ALL THAT TRANSPiRES...

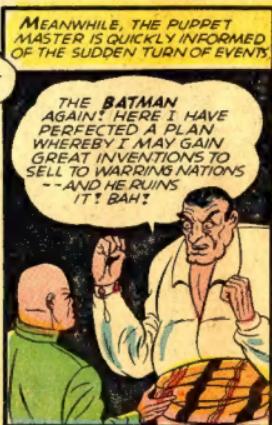
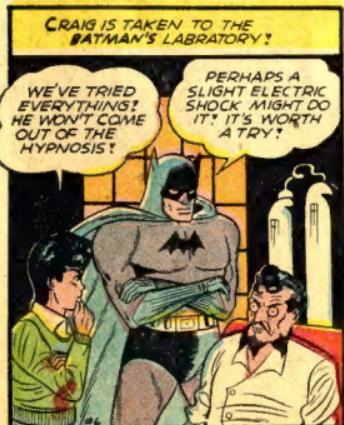
THAT'S THEM ALL RIGHT! PERHAPS ROBIN WILL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

THE SHOW IS OVER! THEY'RE ENTERING THE ROOM!

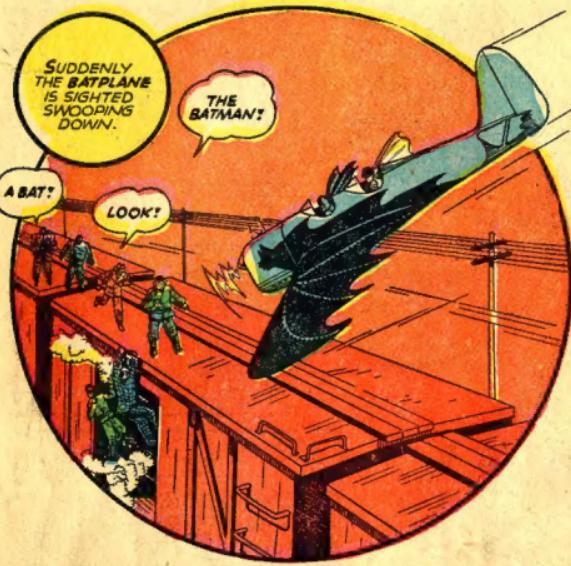


















MEANWHILE, DICK, UNABLE TO SLEEP,
DISCOVERS THAT BRUCE IS GONE!

HIS COSTUME'S GONE,
TOO! HE MUST HAVE
GONE TO GET THE
PUPPET MASTER! HE
MIGHT NEED HELP.
THINK I'LL GO
THERE!

ROBIN SEES A
FAMILIAR FORM APPROACHING
THE GROUNDS OF THE PUPPET
MASTER'S HOUSE!

GOOD
THING THE
NEWSPAPERS
CARRIED THE
PUPPET MASTER'S
ADDRESS WHEN
THEY WROTE UP
HIS PUPPET
SHOW!...
SAY, THERE'S
THE BATMAN, NOW!

GOING
AFTER THE
PUPPET MASTER
WITHOUT ME?
WEREN'T YOU?
SAY, WHAT
HAVE YOU
GOT IN
THE BAG?

IN HIS HYPNOTISED STATE, THE
BATMAN THINKS ROBIN IS TRYING
TO ROB HIM OF THE JEWELS HE MUST
DELIVER... AND STRIKES ROBIN!

THESE ARE
FOR THE MASTER?
I MUST OBEY!

WHA...

ME HIT MEET
MY BEST FRIEND.
AND HE HIT
ME!

SUDDENLY THE BATMAN'S
WORDS SINK INTO THE
BOY'S MIND.

MASTER?
OBEY?
I'VE GOT,
IT!... HE'S
HYPNOTIZED

WITHOUT A MOMENTS HESITATION,
THE BOY WONDER HITS HIS FRIEND
ON HIS UNPROTECTED JAW!

THIS HURTS
ME MORE THAN
IT DOES YOU, BUT
IT'S JUST GOT
TO BE DONE.

I'M GOING
TO TAKE YOU
HOME, FELLA,
AND SEE IF
I CAN GET YOU
OUT OF YOUR
HYPNOTIC
STATE!



MOMENTS LATER A CLOAKED FIGURE WALKS WITH MECHANICAL STEPS INTO THE SANCTUM OF THE PUPPET MASTER...HOW IS THIS? HAS ROBIN FAILED?

MASTER! I COME WITH THE JEWELS! I HAVE OBEYED!

BATMAN, ALIVE!

GIVE IT TO ME!

SUDDENLY, THE MANTLED FORM LUNGES FORWARD...

BABY, AS LONG AS YOU WANT IT, YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!

WHY-WHY YOU'RE NOT HYPNOTIZED AT ALL!

A FIST THUDS AGAINST THE PUPPET MASTER'S JAW!

BET YOU NEVER KNEW A PUPPET COULD HIT SO HARD, DID YOU?

NOW I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN A HYPNOTIC STATE! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FEEL A THING!

LOOK'S LIKE THAT MILD ELECTRIC SHOCK WAS JUST THE THING TO BREAK THAT HYPNOTIC SPELL!

IT NOT ONLY BROKE MY SPELL BUT THE PUPPET MASTER'S TOO...FOR GOOD!

WELL...I GUESS WE OUGHT TO DELIVER THE PUPPET MASTER TO THE POLICE!

YES, AND EXPLAIN WHY IT WAS I SUDDENLY TURNED THIEF? I WANT TO MAKE SURE THEY AND THE WORLD KNOW THAT THE BATMAN WILL NEVER STOP FIGHTING CRIME!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN IN THE BOY WONDER; BATTLE THEIR WAY THROUGH AMAZING ADVENTURES

EVERY MONTH

IN DETECTIVE COMICS

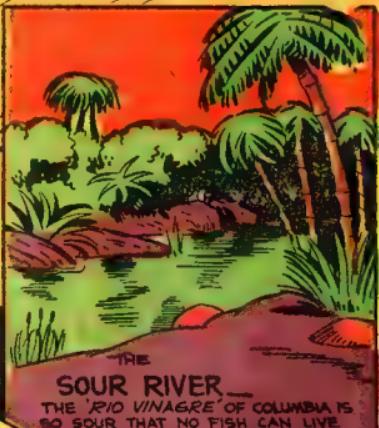
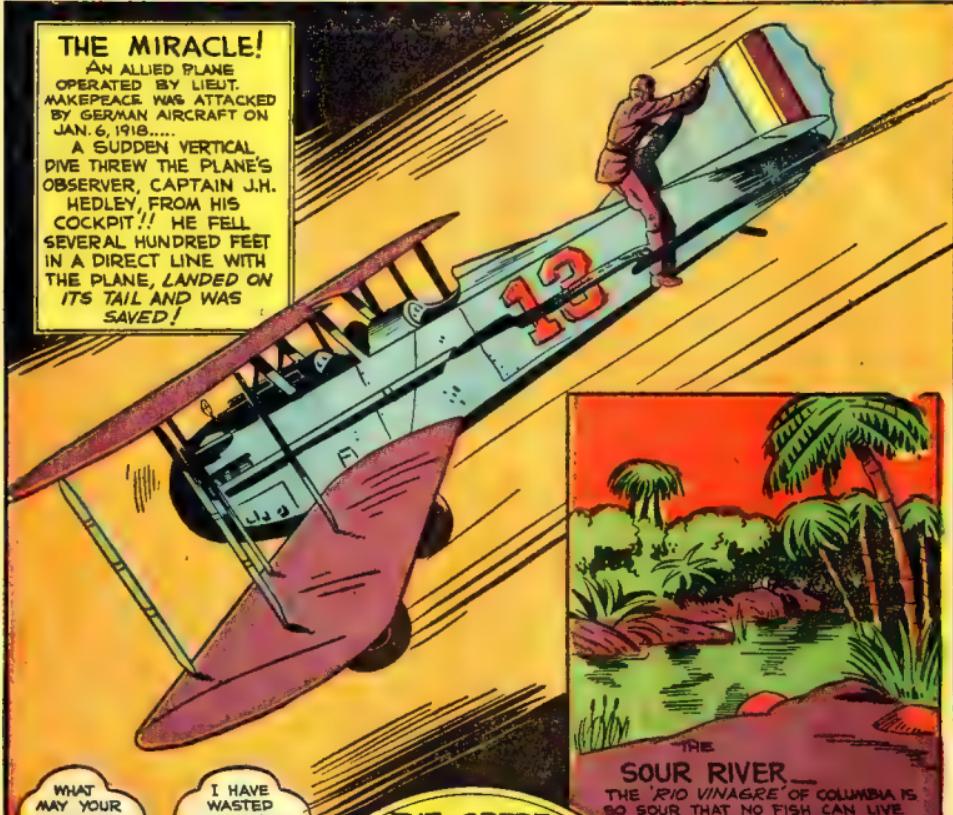
DON'T MISS IT!

FANTASTIC FACTS

THE MIRACLE!

AN ALLIED PLANE OPERATED BY LIEUT. MAKEPEACE WAS ATTACKED BY GERMAN AIRCRAFT ON JAN. 6, 1918.....

A SUDDEN VERTICAL DIVE THREW THE PLANE'S OBSERVER, CAPTAIN J.H. HEDLEY, FROM HIS COCKPIT!! HE FELL SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET IN A DIRECT LINE WITH THE PLANE, LANDED ON ITS TAIL AND WAS SAVED!



THE GREBE

NEVER SETS FOOT ON LAND BUT SPENDS ITS LIFE ON WATER AND IN THE AIR.... IT EVEN BUILDS A FLOATING NEST!



WHAT
MAY YOUR
HONORABLE
AGE BE?

I HAVE
WASTED
FORTY-FIVE
SPRINGS



CHINESE ETIQUETTE CALLS FOR THIS ANSWER TO THE QUESTION ABOVE!

Geo P. Jr.

FOREIGNER!



AFRICA IS THE LAND OF MANY TONGUES... THERE ARE NINE HUNDRED DIFFERENT LANGUAGES IN THE DARK CONTINENT!

FOR SUPERMAN FANS!



ISSUE No. 8

ON SALE
NOVEMBER 10th

64 FULL-COLOR PAGES
MAINLY ABOUT THE

WORLD'S GREATEST
ADVENTURE-STRIP
CHARACTER!

A new **SUPERMAN** magazine on sale the 10th of every second month!

HERE IT IS—BETTER THAN EVER!

ALL STAR QUARTERLY NO. 2

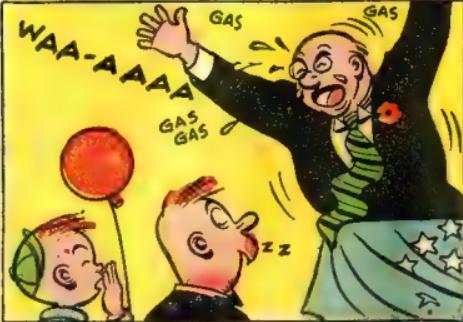
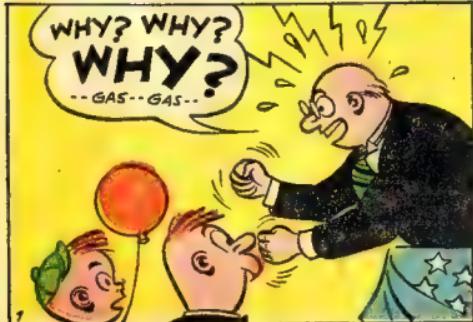
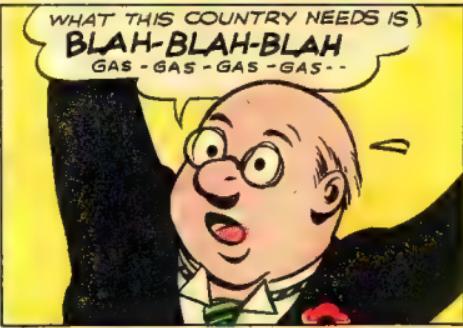
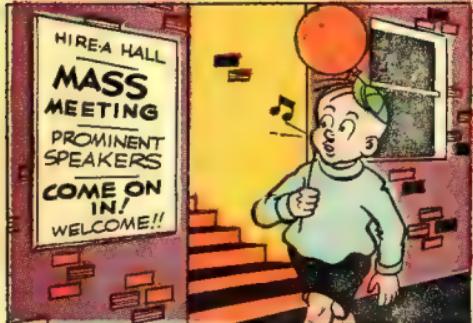


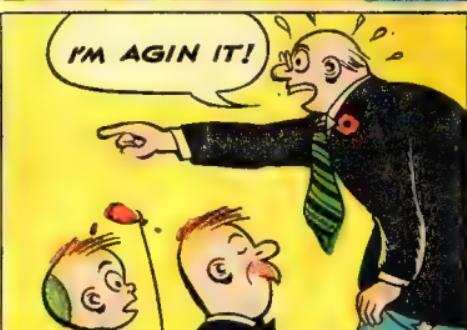
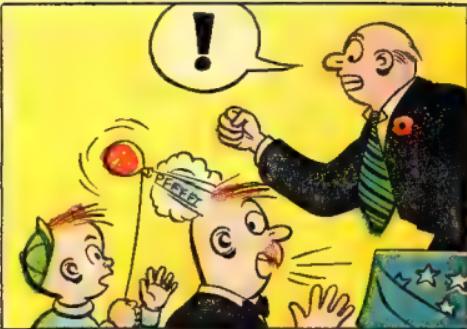
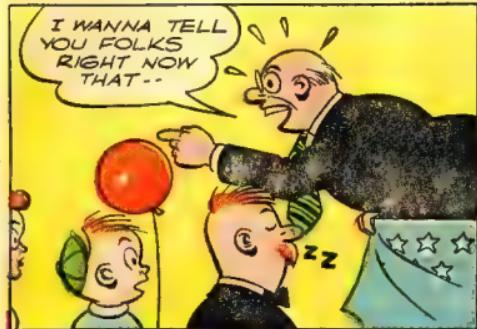
CONTAINS ALL
BRAND NEW
EPISODES
OF THE
HEADLINE
FEATURES
FROM FOUR
OF AMERICA'S
LEADING
COMIC
MAGAZINES!

NOW ON SALE
AT
ALL NEWSSTANDS!

THRILLS
AND
EXCITEMENT
SALOON
IN THESE
NEVER-BEFORE
PUBLISHED
EPISODES OF
THESE LEADING
ADVENTURE
CHARACTERS!

JUST LIKE JUNIOR





BATMAN

WITH
Robin

-THE BOY WONDER-

BY

O. KANE

WHEN CRIME BORDERED ON THE UNEXPLAINABLE, THEN IT WAS THAT THE MIGHTY BATMAN AND YOUNG, LAUGHING ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, CAME TO GRIPS WITH THIS STRANGE NEW MENACE, AND BROUGHT SWIFT DISASTER TO THE CRAFTY BRAIN THAT BELONGED TO...

"THE UGLIEST MAN IN THE WORLD"

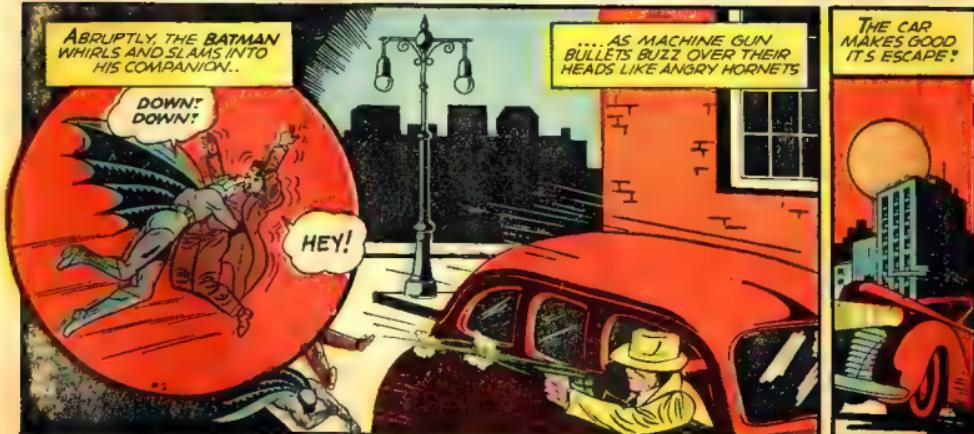
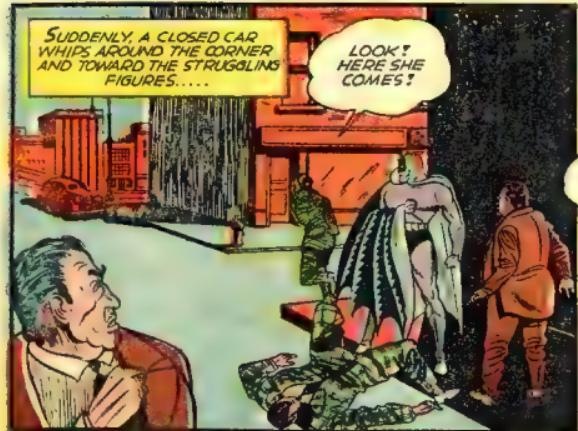


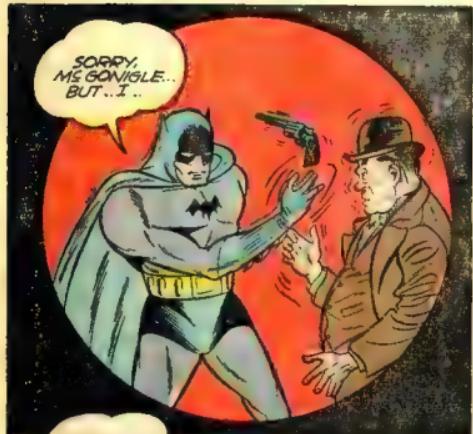
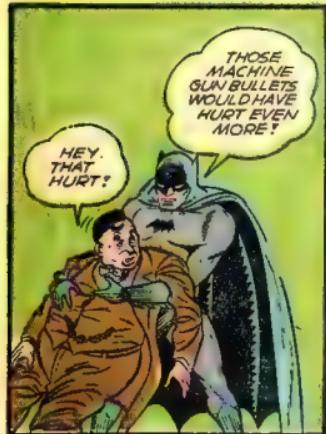
WHILE ON HIS NOCTURNAL MIDNIGHT PROWL, THE BATMAN, SIGHTS A MAN ENGAGED IN AN UNEQUAL STRUGGLE, AND DECIDES TO LEND HIM ASSISTANCE.



SNAPPING ERECT LIKE A STEEL SPRING, THE BATMAN DARTS FORWARD, FISTS FLYING







I'D GIVE A PRETTY PENNY
TO KNOW WHO THE BATMAN
REALLY IS! BUT AS SURE AS ME
NAME IS McGONIGLE...ONE OF
THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO
FIND OUT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE BATMAN
IS ANSWERING McGONIGLE'S QUESTION
BY PEELING OFF HIS COSTUME AND
REVEALING BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY
PLAYBOY!

MOMENTS LATER, IN HIS ROLE
OF BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY
IDLER, HE ENTERS THE LAVISH
DRAWING ROOM OF HARVEY
DODGE....

I'D BETTER
HURRY IF I
INTEND TO KEEP
THAT APPOINTMENT
TONIGHT WITH
DODGE...

BRUCE, I
HAD ALMOST
GIVEN UP HOPE
THAT YOU
WERE COMING!

WHAT...ME
MISS A DOOD
DINNER? DON'T
BE SILLY! HOW
ARE YOU, DODGE,
OLD BOY?

I'VE
ANOTHER
GUEST BEHINDS
YOU, BRUCE.
MEET LARRY
LARRIMORE!

MR.
WAYNE?

HOW DO
YOU DO,
MR.
LARRIMORE?

AFTER PARTAKINS OF DINNER, THE MEN
SIT AND IDLY CHAT....



BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES, A CHANGE
COMES OVER DODGE'S FACE....HIS
FINE FEATURES SEEM TO GROW COARSE
...GROW THICK.

HIS FEATURES BECOME
BLOATED, MORONIC. HIS EYES
BECOME WATERY. HIS NOSE
GROWS THICK, WITH WIDE NOSTRILS.

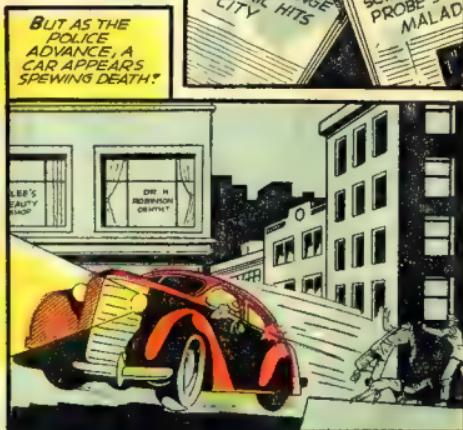
UNTIL, IN PLACE OF THE
ONCE YOUNG, INTELLIGENT
LOOKING MAN THERE IS NOW
A COARSE, UGLY PERSON
WITH AN AGED, IDIOTIC FACE...

GOOD LORD!
...LOOK!
...HIS
FACE!



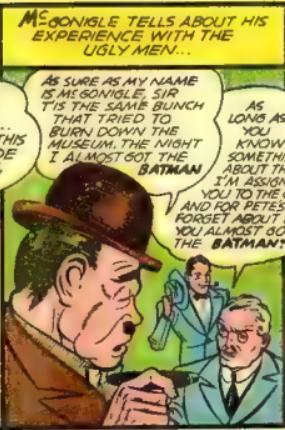
WHY...WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

I
DON'T
KNOW



THE UGLY HORDE IS PICKED UP, AND THE POLICE PURSUE...THEY ROUND THE CORNER TO FIND THE CAR HAS VANISHED...AS IF IN THIN AIR!





SEIZING A KNIFE, HE BEGINS TO HACK AND SLASH AT A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING, LAUGHING ALL THE WHILE LIKE A MADMAN



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, BRUCE WAYNE READS AN INTERESTING ITEM ALoud TO DICK GRAYSON WHO IS IN REALITY, ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER..



BRUCE, I CAN ALMOST READ YOUR MIND!

YOU THINK THIS UGLY HORDE WILL TRY TO DESTROY THIS STATUE AS IT'S UNLOADED?

THIS STATUE IS A HANDSOME ONE. FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF!



PLACING A STEEL PELLET IN HIS SLING, ROBIN WIELDS HIS MAKESHIFT CLUB WITH DEVASTATING RESULTS, WHILE THE BATMAN'S TWO IRON FISTS PUT IN A LITTLE WORK OF THEIR OWN!

ABRUPTLY, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE, AND MS. GONIGLE APPEARS...

KEEP COMING, RATS! I'M IN GOOD FORM!

HURTS DOESN'T IT?

MS. GONIGLE?

YOU SAVED ME ONCE! THIS SORT OF EVENS IT UP!

SUDDENLY THE UGLY HORDE'S CAR APPEARS...

THERE'S THE CAR!

LET'S SCREAM!

A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE, AND THE CAR MAKES GOOD IT'S ESCAPE AGAIN!

DOWN! ROBIN... DOWN!

THE CART

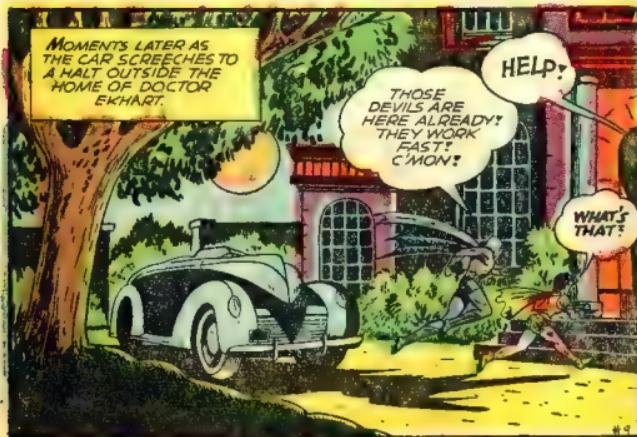
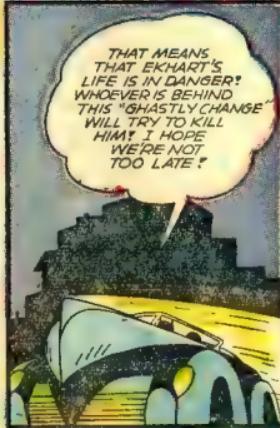
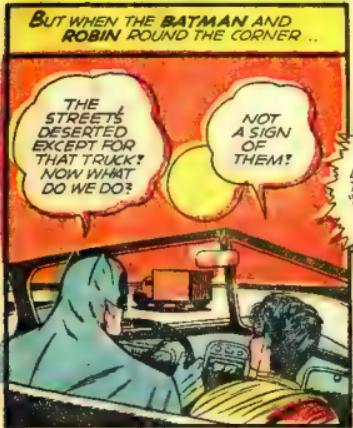
STOP, BATMAN! IT'S NO USE! THEY ALWAYS GET AWAY... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GET AWAY TOO! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

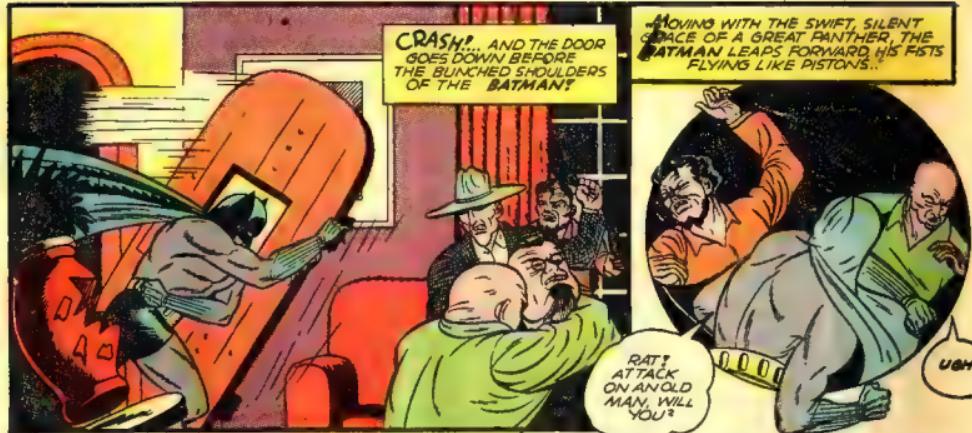
RIGHT? WELL, WHA-

MS. GONIGLE, CAN YOU SWIM?

HMM... SURE I CAN SWIM!









SLOWLY, FINGERS PEEL OFF A RUBBEROID MASK AND REVEAL UNDERNEATH THE FEATURES OF THE UGLIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!



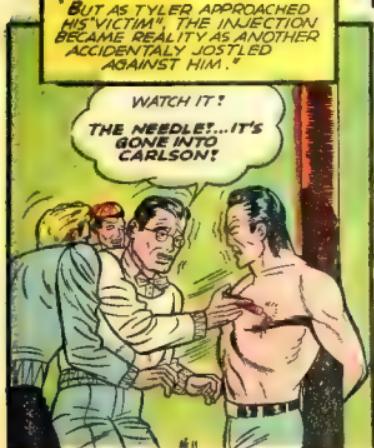
JOHN TYLER AND MRS TYLER! MY GUESTS. I DID YOU WELCOME? UNFORTUNATELY I HAD NO ENTERTAINMENT PREPARED, SO TO DIVERT YOU, I WILL TELL A STORY...A VERY INTERESTING STORY!



"IT BEGINS WHEN A YOUNG MAN WAS BEING INITIATED INTO A COLLEGE FRATERNITY..."



"BUT AS TYLER APPROACHED HIS "VICTIM", THE INJECTION BECAME REALITY AS ANOTHER ACCIDENTALLY JOSTLED AGAINST HIM."



**WATCH IT!
THE NEEDLE...IT'S GONE INTO CARLSON!**

"AT FIRST THERE WAS NO IMMEDIATE EFFECT, BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, CARLSON AWOKE ONE MORNING TO FIND HIS HANDSOME FACE HAD CHANGED OVERNIGHT!"



MY FACE....WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT? IT'S UGLY! HIDEOUS!

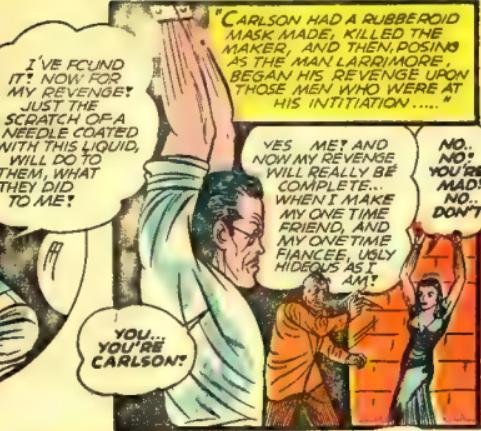
"NO REMEDY COULD BE FOUND FOR THE CHEMICALS HAD BEEN MIXED HAPHAZARDLY. AND CARLSON FOUND HIMSELF SHUNNED, EVEN BY HIS FIANCÉE..."



CAN'T YOU SEE? I... I CAN'T MARRY YOU NOW! I JUST CAN'T!

SO MY FACE IS REPULSIVE TO YOU! EVEN TO YOU, WHO I THOUGHT LOVED ME?

"CARLSON BECAME A RECLUSE AND BEGAN EXPERIMENTING TO FIND THE FLUID THAT HAD CAUSED HIS STRANGE MALADY. AND ONE DAY, A FULL FIFTEEN YEARS LATER...."



"CARLSON HAD A RUBBEROID MASK MADE, KILLED THE MAKER, AND THEN, POSING AS THE MAN LARRIMORE, BEGAN HIS REVENGE UPON THOSE MEN WHO WERE AT HIS INITIATION...."



OUTSIDE, ROBIN FLASHES A PENCIL OF LIGHT OVER THE GUTTER.... AND TIRE MARKS GLOW IN THE DARKNESS.



EXPLANATION: THE TIRES OF THE BATMAN'S CAR ARE COATED WITH RADIO-ACTIVE SUBSTANCE WHICH GLOWS UNDER AN INFRA-RED RAY!

AND SO AS THE UGLIEST MAN POSES THE DEADLY NEEDLE OVER THE HELPLESS WOMAN, SUDDENLY, A HISS, AND ...



... AND LEAPING THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY IS THAT WONDERBOY OF ALL WONDERBOYS.... ROBIN !



A SLASH AT THE ROPE...

NICE GOING, KID!



... AND THE BATMAN IS FREE, MUCH TO THE CONSTERNATION OF THE UGLY HORDE!



ABRUPTLY, THE SOUND OF A SHOT,
AND THE UGLIEST MAN CRUMPLES
SLOWLY TO THE FLOOR



"AND STANDING IN THE DOORWAY,
A SMOKING PISTOL IN HIS HAND, IS
THAT MAN AMONG MEN MCGONIGLE."

"MCGONIGLE... I
I MEET YOU
EVERYPLACE? HOW
DID YOU EVER
GET THE IDEA I
WAS HERE?"

"WELL,
WHEN I
SPOTTED
THIS KID
WORKIN'
THAT
TRICK FLASH-
LIGHT OF HIS
OVER TIRED MARKS,
I KNEW SOMETHING
WAS UP! SO I
FOLLOWED
HIM!"

"LOOKS LIKE I
MADE A TRIPLE
KILLING TONIGHT!
I GOT THE GUY
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE UGLY HORDE
AND GHASTLY CHANGE
AND I GOT THE
BATMAN UP WITH
'EM NOW... AND
NO TRICKS!"

"WHY,
MCGONIGLE,
I WOULDN'T
THINK OF
TRICKING
YOU!"



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE WAYNE HOME.

THE PAPER SAYS
THAT EKHART CAN
RETURN THE VICTIMS
OF THE "GHASTLY
CHANGE" BACK TO
NORMAL BY REGULAR
DOSES OF THYROID
EXTRACT! WHAT
DOES THAT
MEAN?

CARLSON'S
MIXTURE WAS
ABLE TO
PARALYZE
THE THYROID
GLAND AND
CAUSE A FORM
OF DISEASE
KNOWN AS
MYXEDEMA OR
CRETINISM. EKHART
WILL SIMPLY RESTORE
THE FUNCTION OF
THE GLAND:

Poor
CARLSON!
I CAN
UNDERSTAND
WHY HE WENT
INSANE-- HIS
SUDDEN
CHANGE IN
APPEARANCE,
AND LOSING
ALL HIS FRIENDS
AND FIANCÉE....
IT WOULD HAVE
DRIVEN ANYONE
MAD!

AFTER ALL,
THE BLAME
LIES WITH
THOSE WHO
CAUSED HIS
TRAGIC PLIGHT.
THEY SHOULD
HAVE UNDERSTOOD
AND SYMPATHIZED...

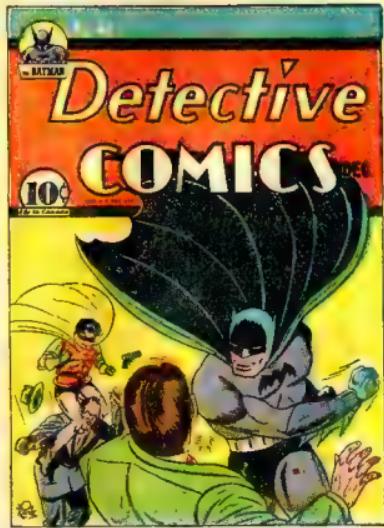
WHILE AT THE POLICE
HEADQUARTERS... MCGONIGLE
PACKS AWAY A LITTLE GLORY!

"WELL, MCGONIGLE,
YOU CERTAINLY
SOLVED YOUR
ASSIGNMENT"

"THE BATMAN!
AS SURE AS MY
NAME IS
MCGONIGLE, I'LL
GET HIM YET.
THE GUY'S
BETTER WATCH
OUT 'CAUSE
MCGONIGLE
IS ON HIS
TRAIL!"



A **NEW** ADVENTURE
EVERY MONTH!



This is a Small Reproduction
of the Cover of the
December Issue

Yessir,
The BATMAN
And ROBIN
Lead the
BIG PARADE
of
HEADLINE
ADVENTURE
FEATURES
in
EVERY ISSUE
of
DETECTIVE
COMICS

On Sale the 1st of Each Month
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

BATMAN

WITH
Robin

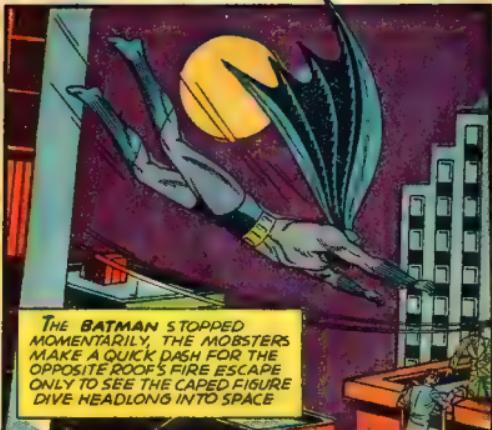
THE BOY WONDER

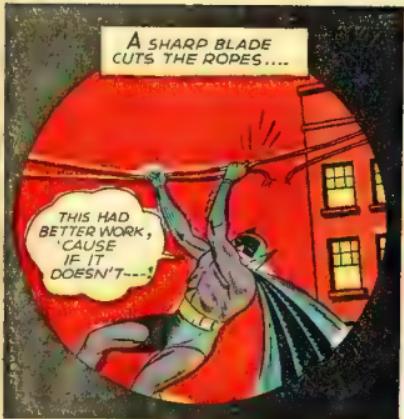
BY
BOB KANE

WHILE ON HIS NOCTURNAL PROWL, THE BATMAN SPIES MEN LOOTING A WAREHOUSE, AND PLUMMETS DOWN IN THEIR MIDST LIKE SOME AVENGING ANGEL OF DOOM.

WHEREVER CRIMINALS MEET, SOONER OR LATER A DEADLY HUSH STILLS THEIR TALK AS THEY SPEAK FURTIVELY OF A DREAD FIGURE OF NIGHT-A FIGURE THAT SEEKS TO MATERIALIZE OUT OF DARKNESS LIKE A FANTASTIC DEMON: THE BATMAN! THEN A MAN WILL CURSE AND WHISPER OF ANOTHER SMALLER FIGURE, A STURDY, LITHE FIGURE WITH A DARE-DEVIL GRIN ON HIS YOUNG FACE ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER! FOR THESE ARE THE TWO WHO ARE THE ARCH-FOES OF CRIME IT IS THEY WE WILL MEET IN THIS, THE CASE OF "THE CRIME SCHOOL FOR BOYS!!"







HAMMER-LIKE BLOWS QUICKLY
SUBDUE THE GUNMEN....

I COULDN'T
GET A BETTER
WORKOUT
AT THE
GYM!!

TERRIFIED, A
SURVIVING THIEF
TURNS TO FLEE...

DON'T
GO WAY,
WE'VE GOT
THINGS TO
TALK
OVER!

NOW
I'LL...WHY,
YOU'RE ONLY
A BOY!
ONLY
A KID!

SUDDENLY THERE IS THE SOUND OF
RUNNING FEET...A POLICE WHISTLE...
THE COPS!
-PLEASE,
BATMAN, DON'T
HAND ME IN!
I'LL GO STRAIGHT,
BUT DON'T
HAND ME IN!

OH! OH
WELL?
GO AHEAD!
SCRAM!

AS THE GLADDENED BOY SPEEDS
AWAY, HE IS UNAWARE OF THE
MANTLED FORM THAT FOLLOWS HIM...

SOMETHING
VERY STRANGE
ABOUT A MERE
BOY BEING WITH
GUNMEN! THINK
I'LL TRAIL
THE BOY AND
SEE WHAT
IT'S ALL
ABOUT!

IT'S ME!
TOMMY!

OKAY!

THE TRAIL LEADS TO
THE SLUM SECTION OF
THE CITY...TO AN OLD
DESERTED WAREHOUSE

CAN'T SEE
ANYTHING
DOWN THERE,
SO I'LL TRY
THE ROOF!

THE BATMAN'S
AGILE FRAME
QUICKLY SCALES
THE WAREHOUSE...



BRUCE BEGINS THE FIRST STEP IN HIS CAMPAIGN BY RENTING AN OLD BARN IN THE SLUM SECTION...

YES, I CAN LET YOU HAVE THIS PLACE? WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH IT?

I'M GOING TO MAKE A GYMNASIUM HERE FOR THE UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILDREN OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

HEY, PIPE THE NEW KID ON THE BLOCK!

I AIN'T EVER SEEN HIM BEFORE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, A NEW BOY MAKES HIS APPEARANCE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD...

COME ON-- LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WID HIM!

NEW KID AROUND HERE, AIN'T CHA? WELL, I'M BUTCH, AND I'M THE BOSS O' THE BLOCK!

SO WHAT?

SO THIS I'M GONNA PUSH YOUR FACE IN!

THEN I'D BETTER MOVE IT!

HAPPY DAZE!

THEN, AS THE BOY RUSHES FORWARD ONCE MORE... DICK SIDESTEPS, AND...

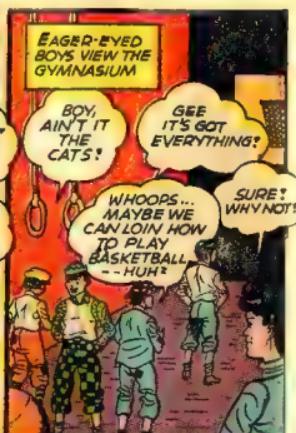
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'LL...

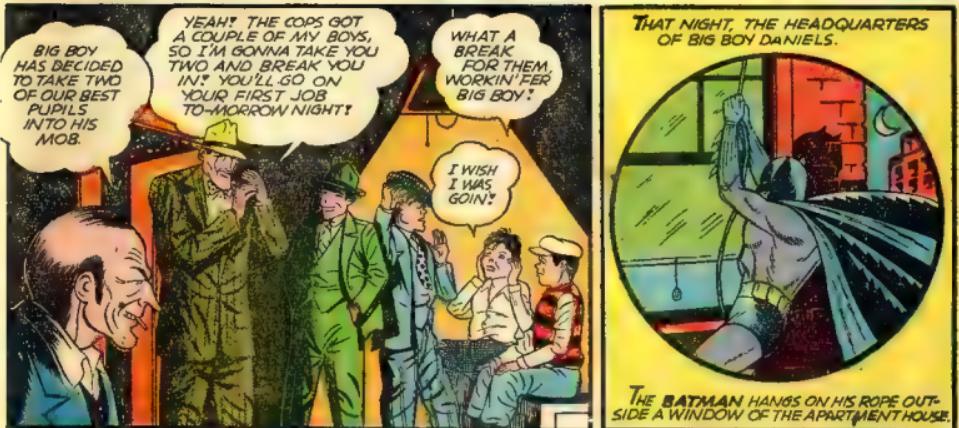
WELL, IF I CAN'T DO THAT!

...I CAN DO THIS!

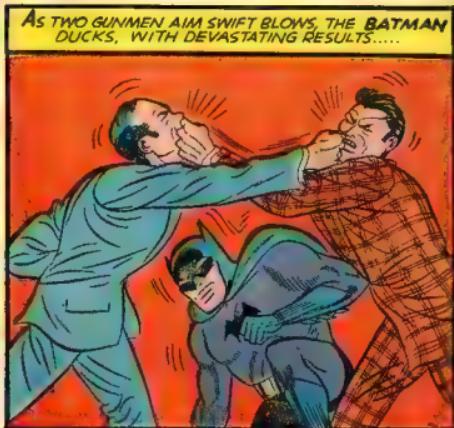
HEY, DID YA SEE THAT???

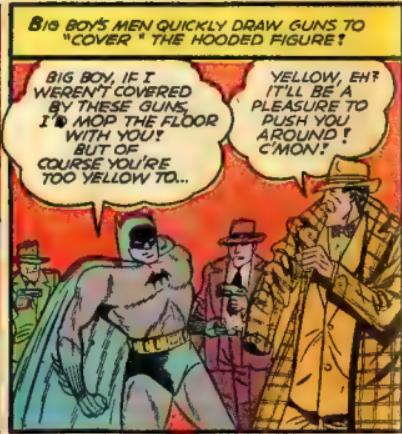
HOLY CATS!















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Choose Yours NOW!



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HOLSTER SET

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Given for selling only one order

BOYS! GIRLS!

Here are swell prizes for you, or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours without a cent of cost.

IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done—get any prize here or your choice from many others in our Big Prize Sheet for selling only 40 Christmas Packs at 10¢ each. Each pack contains 2 beautiful Christmas Cards 2 envelopes and 24 sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold return the money and choose your prize. It is sent **AT ONCE**. Mail coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU**

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DEPT. G14, LANCASTER, PA.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept G14, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs I will resell them at 10¢ each. send you the money and get my prize

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____

or RFD Box _____

City _____

State _____

SILLY STUFF

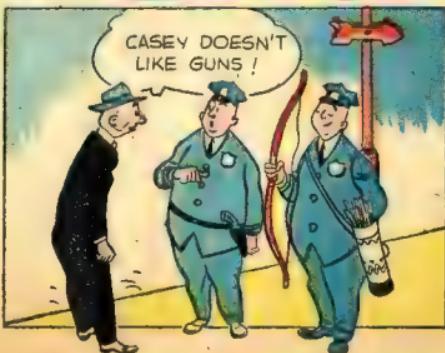
I HAD THE
SWELLEST NAP
GOING THROUGH
THE TUNNEL!



DIS IS VERY DISCOURAGIN'!
YOUSE IS DE FIFTH
VICTIM T'REFUSE
ME T'NIGHT!!



CASEY DOESN'T
LIKE GUNS!



Dinky

by BOLT

I'LL SHOW 'EM !

I WANT A PAIR
OF BOXIN' GLOVES,
A DUMBBELL, AN'
SOME INDIAN
CLUBS !

SPORTS

THERE! I'M ALL SET
NOW -- WITH ALL THIS
EQUIPMENT AN' A
LOT OF CONDITIONIN'
I'LL ---

PUFF
GOTTA GET
IN TRIM
PUFF

HEY, DINKY - WOTCHA
DOIN' ? TRYIN' T'GET
BIG MUSCLES ?

GOSH, FELLERS, I
GOTTA GET IN TRIM
IN THE WORST WAY
...AN' RIGHT AWAY !

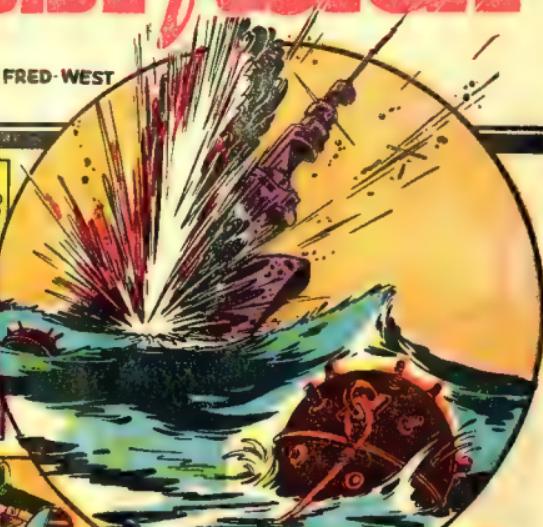
C'MON AN' I'LL SHOW
YOU. IT'S ALL MY
MOM'S FAULT --

-SHE'S MAKIN'
ME WEAR THAT
SUIT TO SCHOOL
TOMORROW !

The ODD SIDE of WAR

by FRED WEST

STATISTICS SHOW THAT FOR EVERY MAN KILLED DURING 1914-18 THERE WERE 35,000 BULLETS AND ABOUT 1000 SHELLS FIRED! IT COST \$21,000 TO KILL EACH ENEMY IN 1918. IN 1940 THE COST WAS OVER \$50,000!! (JULIUS CAESAR KEPT THE COST DOWN TO 75¢ PER MAN!)



AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR (1914) AVIATORS WERE UNARMED!!

WHENEVER TWO ENEMY PLANES PASSED EACH OTHER THEY EXCHANGED SMILES AND SALUTES.



ALL THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES STARTED IN
APRIL !!

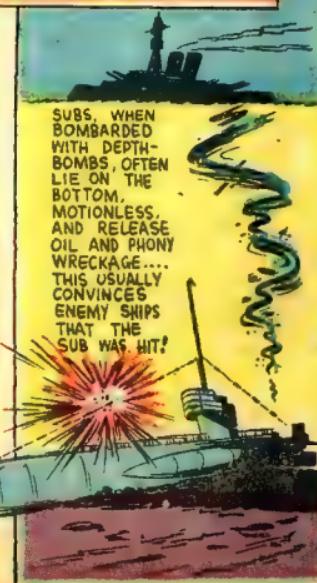
REVOLUTIONARY WAR	APRIL 19-1775
WAR OF 1812	APRIL 18-1812
WAR WITH MEXICO	APRIL 24-1846
CIVIL WAR...	APRIL 15-1861
WAR WITH SPAIN	APRIL 21-1898
WORLD WAR	APRIL 6-1917



POISON GAS WAS USED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO !!

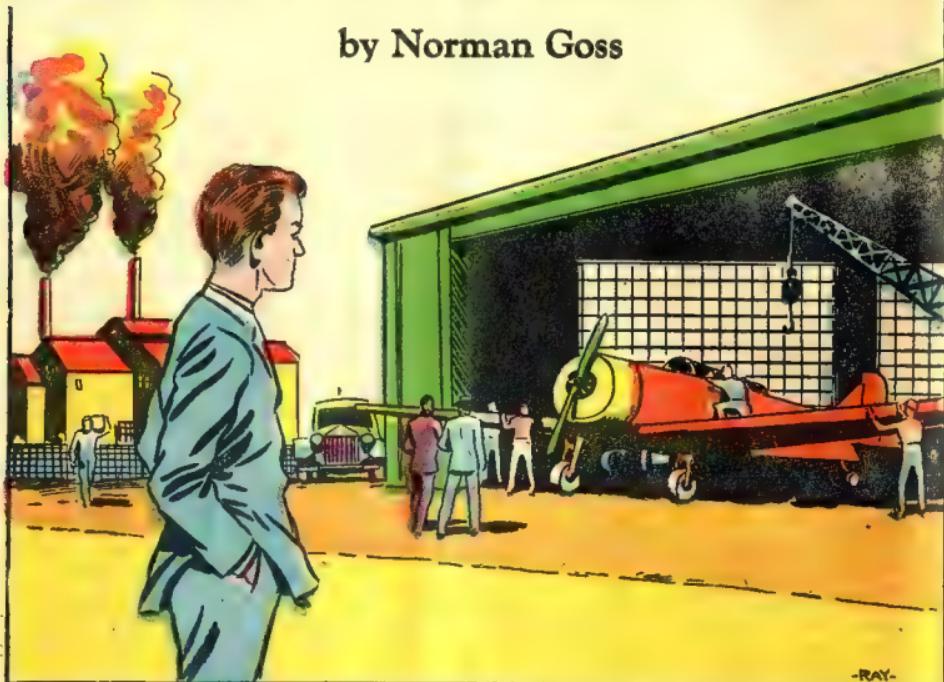
THE CHINESE COMPRESSED DEADLY GASES INTO LARGE EARTHENWARE JARS, CALLED "STINK-POTS" AND CATAFALTED THEM AT THEIR ENEMIES DURING THE 10TH CENTURY B.C.

THE BRITISH PLANTED SO MANY MINES IN THE NORTH SEA DURING 1917 AND 1918 THAT IT TOOK ALMOST FIVE YEARS TO SWEEP THEM UP AGAIN !!



A BLOW FOR ENGLAND

by Norman Goss



ERIC BOWES was probably the most unhappy person aboard the refugee ship. In the first place, he was too old to be a child-refugee, and in the second place he didn't want to be a refugee.

Eric was sixteen. And everybody knew that the age limit for child-refugees from England to the States was fifteen. That in itself was enough to make a chap feel pretty bad—particularly when a chap wanted to be doing something to help England in her hour of danger.

It was that blasted leg that was to blame for everything! A leg that somehow had never developed the way legs should—the way his other good leg had done, for example. So, just because Eric had a limp, there didn't seem to be anything he could do to help his country.

So now here he was in America, and here he'd have to stay until the whole show was over,

fuming because there was nothing he could do to help England. His Dad had said, "If you just have faith in England, Eric, and let all those people in America know that England has faith in herself, you'll be doing a lot for your country!"

Fine words, but that was all. Talking was all very well, but he wanted to do something...

And after the boat, there was the train ride, and then he was being met by the good people who were to be his foster parents for the duration of the war. He was surprised to find that he liked them.

But the most wonderful thing was the fact that there was an airplane factory in the small city where he was to live—an airplane factory where they were making planes to be shipped to England to help fight the war!

It took Eric almost a week to get up enough courage to ask his temporary parents if he might

go to the factory and ask for work. They were understanding people; they said he might.

But disappointment met him at the factory. "Only skilled workers needed," they told him. "Only skilled workers needed..."

So he took to standing outside the factory, beyond the high wire fence that guarded the place. Hour on hour he stood there, watching the workers file in, and then just staring at the building, knowing that warbirds for England were being hatched there. And he stood there even after the last worker had left, so late that he would at last have to limp slowly to his foster home lest his foster parents worry about his absence.

The great days were those when trim fighter-craft rolled from the factory and were ferried away into the skies for destinations in Canada and trans-shipment to England. How Eric wished that he might have a

hand in the making or delivery of those planes, that he might thus be able indirectly to strike a blow for England!

Even his sleeping hours were filled with dreams about—that—dreams of Eric climbing blithely into a brand-new plane and flying it across three thousand miles of ocean to the aid of his country...

The shrieking of sirens and the loud clangor of bells brought him upright in his bed, wide awake. For a moment it seemed like the old air raid warnings back home. And then he could hear running feet, and voices shouting unintelligibly, with just a few words clear in the jumble: "The airplane factory!"

Eric was out of bed and into his clothes and stumbling down the stairs on one good leg and one bad leg. His foster father was already backing the car from the garage. Eric climbed into the car, hoping he wouldn't be sent back to bed.

The factory was wreathed in flames, but men were still rushing in and dragging out completed and even uncompleted planes. Cries of "Sabotage!" mingled with the roar of the flames.

Eric crept closer and closer to the blazing building. A scorched crew dashed from the inferno of its interior, hauling and shov-

ing an almost finished plane. And Eric heard one of the men shout: "This is the last we can get! There's another, complete except for undercarriage, but we can't budge it!"

And before anybody knew what he was doing, Eric was limping swiftly across the yard-area and into the building. Horrified cries went up from the crowd. A half dozen men struggled after him, screaming at him to come out before the roof fell.

But Eric clung to the plane without undercarriage. "All it needs is rollers!" he kept shouting. "Rollers! Just like launching a boat! Pull! Please pull!"

He threw his frail body down, and wriggled his pitifully thin right leg beneath the belly of the plane. "Pull!" he screamed.

There was command in his voice, and as though he was a general and they privates, the men obeyed. They tugged at the airplane. It rolled a few inches over Eric's leg. He winced at the pain, biting his lip to keep from crying out. And then he inchéd forward and placed the thin leg again beneath the fuselage. Thus it went, with Eric's leg serving as a roller—man's most primitive mechanical aid.

At last the plane was in the open, and a cheer went up from the watching crowd. And then,

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from a mixture of pain and joy, Eric must have faded from consciousness for a moment. When he came to, he was in a bed in a car that moved swiftly and with much clamoring of a bell. He heard the voice of the young doctor saying: "Pretty bad . . . looks like amputation . . ." and the voice of his foster father, heavy with feeling, "Shut up, you fool!"

Eric opened his eyes and smiled up at them. His voice didn't seem to belong to him at all. He was saying: "It doesn't matter; it's the bad one anyway."

Then he closed his eyes again and felt happy all over, in spite of the pain that gnawed at him like something alive.

He had struck his blow for England!



BATMAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

BATMAN, EERIE NEMESIS OF CRIME,
AND HIS YOUNG DARE-DEVIL AIDE,
ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, FIND THEM-
SELVES CROSSING THE TRAIL OF A
FAMILIAR FIGURE.....THE BEAUTIFUL
AND CLEVER WOMAN CALLED...THE
CAT...THE CAT-WOMAN! IN THIS
WITH DANGER AND DEATH! IN THIS
GRIM CONTEST BETWEEN AMAN AND A
WOMAN, WHO WILL WIN? WHO WILL
BE THE VICTOR IN THE GAME OF
"THE BATMAN VS THE CAT-WOMAN!"

BY

Bob Kane

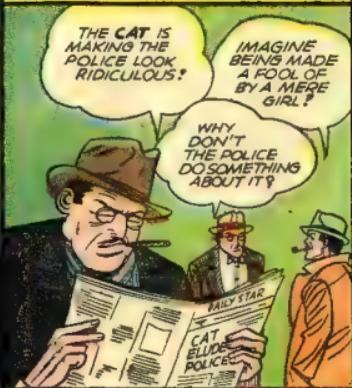


ATOP ONE OF THE TOWERING DWELLINGS OF
THE GREAT CITY, A COUPLE ENTER THEIR
PENTHOUSE AFTER A GALA EVENING





THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE IS SOON HEARD



AND THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE IS HEARD BY POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON



KEEPING WELL IN THE SHADOWS, THE BATMAN
FLITS ACROSS THE CITY STREETS, UNTIL....

A CRY FOR
HELP?

HELP!

AS HE TURNS THE
CORNER HE SEES....

UGH?



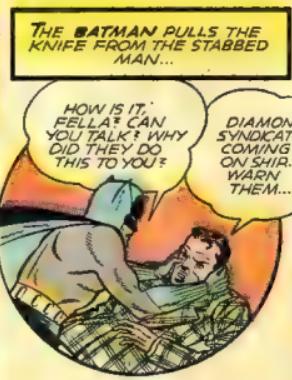
WITH A CRY OF
ANGER THE
BATMAN DARTS
FORWARD, THE
GROUND SEEMING
TO POUR UNDER
HIS FLYING FEET

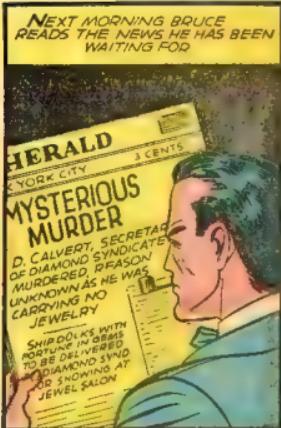


BEFORE THE THUGS CAN
MOVE, HE IS UPON THEM,
HIS PISTOLS BLASTING
POWER-HOUSE BLOWS



AS THE MURDERER
SPRINGS WITH
REPTILIAN SPEED,
HIS HAND FANGED
WITH A GLEAMING
KNIFE, THE BATMAN
WHIRLS SWIFTLY AND





ARRIVING AT HOME, BRUCE DISCUSSES PLANS WITH DICK...

AND ANOTHER PERSON IS ALSO LAYING PLANS THE CAT!

NEXT NIGHT, BRUCE WAYNE IS AMONG THOSE TAKING THE ELEVATOR THAT LEADS TO THE FLOOR OF THE DIAMOND SALON....

THE THREE PARTNERS, HOFFER, BLAKE, AND DARREL, THINK THEY WILL BE WELL PROTECTED, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE NOW, I'M GOING TO BE THERE TO KEEP WATCH - WHILE YOU...

SO THE DIAMOND SHOW WILL BE ON TOMORROW NIGHT! GOOD! THEY MAY NOT EXPECT ME BUT THE CAT WILL BE THERE!!

POLICE? EVIDENTLY THEY'RE NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!

AS SOON AS THE GUESTS ARE SEATED, THE DIAMOND SHOW BEGINS....

AS I HAVE EXPLAINED, YOUNG LADIES WILL MODEL OUR JEWELRY! NOTICE THIS YOUNG LADY WEARING A NECKLACE OF RUBIES!

... AND, NOW THIS DIAMOND CLIP - WITH AN ESTIMATED VALUE OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

AT LAST THE SHOW COMES TO THE CLIMAX OF THE EVENING...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NOTICE THIS GLITTERING ARRAY OF PERFECT DIAMONDS! THEY HAVE BEEN VALUED AT CLOSE TO A MILLION DOLLARS! - A KING'S RANSOM!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE MODEL'S HAND DIPS INTO HER PURSE, HURLS SOMETHING TO THE FLOOR, AND THERE IS A SUDDEN BURSTING, BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT....

SWIFT AS A STRIKING PUMA, SHE LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS TOWARD THE ELEVATOR, WHERE....



AS THE DOOR CLANGS SHUT, THE GIRL PEELS OFF THE JEWELRY, A BLOND WIG... PLACES ALL IN HER BAG...



THAT MAGICIAN'S POWDER WORKED LIKE A CHARM NOW FOR MY MASK!

AND AS THE DOOR OPENS AT THE STREET FLOOR, OUT OF THE LIFT, DARTS THE CAT!



HOLY SMOKE! THE CAT!

GRAB HER!

NOT THIS TIME!

BUT AS THE CAT RACES TOWARD HER OWN CAR, ANOTHER WHIPS TO THE SIDEWALK AND

THAT'S THE CAT! GET ER!



COME ON, BABY, YOU'RE GOIN' FOR A RIDE!

LET GO OF ME!

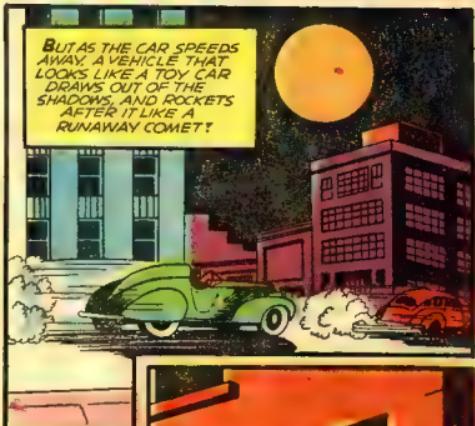


GET GOIN'! THE COPS ARE SHOOTIN' AT US!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

YOU DAMES ALWAYS TALK TOO MUCH! SHUT UP!

BUT AS THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY, A VEHICLE THAT LOOKS LIKE A TOY CAR DRAWS OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND ROCKETS AFTER IT LIKE A RUNAWAY COMET!



AND SEATED AT THE WHEEL OF THIS POWERFUL LITTLE RACER IS THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER.



I'LL JUST KEEP THEM IN SIGHT... DON'T WANT THEM TO GET TO THINKIN' SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING!

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET AWAY FROM HERE WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION!

WHILE BACK AT THE SALON, BRUCE WAYNE STEPS INTO AN EMPTY ROOM, PEELS OFF HIS CLOTHING, AND STANDS REVEALED AS THE SCOURGE OF CRIME--THE BATMAN!

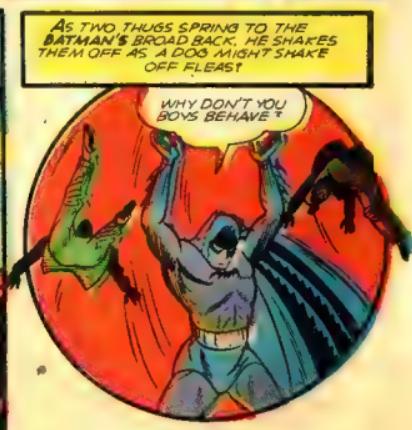


A LITHE SPRING, AND HE IS ON THE SLIM LEDGE OUTSIDE, TREADING WITH THE SWIFT, SURE STEP OF A GREAT PANTHER.



MOMENTS LATER.... THE HOME OF DARREL, OF THE DIAMOND SYNDICATE....





WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF CHAIN-LIGHTNING, THE BATMAN SWOOPS FOR HIS PREY. HIS FISTS WORKING LIKE TRIP-HAMMERS



AS FOR ROBIN, HE SEEMS TO BE QUITE BUSY TRYING TO PROVE HE REALLY IS THE WONDER BOY!



HAVEN'T WE MET SOMEPLACE BEFORE?

THE MINOR SKIRMISH WON THE BATMAN FREES THE CAT

I MEET YOU IN THE STRANGEST PLACES!



FREED, THE CAT HURLS HERSELF AT HOFFER, HER LONG NAILS SLASHING LIKE THE CLAWS OF A TIGER!

TRY TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME, WILL YOU?

HELP! GET HER OFF ME!



KEEP HER AWAY FROM ME!

I'LL SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT!

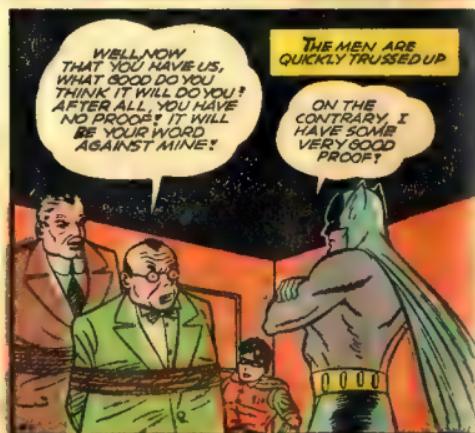
YOU CERTAINLY LIVE UP TO YOUR NAME, CAT!

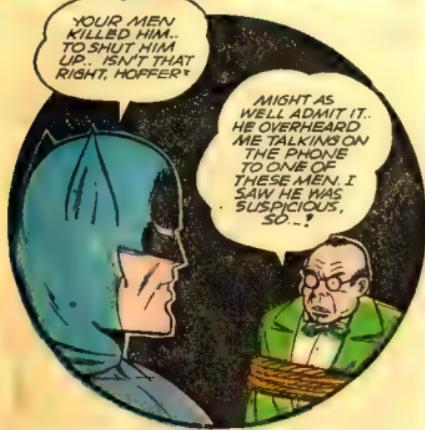


WELL NOW THAT YOU HAVE US, WHAT GOOD DO YOU THINK IT WILL DO YOU? AFTER ALL, YOU HAVE NO PROOF! IT WILL BE YOUR WORD AGAINST MINE!

THE MEN ARE QUICKLY TRUSSUED UP

ON THE CONTRARY, I HAVE SOME VERY GOOD PROOF!





AND BY THE TIME THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE OUTSIDE....

SHE TOOK THE GANGSTER'S CAR! I'LL GO AFTER HER IN MY RACER! I'LL...

TAKE IT EASY! SHE'S TOO FAR AWAY FOR YOU TO CATCH UP

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT... BUT IT'S TOO BAD A CROOK LIKE THAT HAS TO GET AWAY, EVEN IF SHE IS A GIRL!

YES, AND IT'S TOO BAD SHE HAS TO BE A CROOK!

WHAT A NIGHT! A NIGHT FOR ROMANCE, EH, ROBIN?

ROMANCE? BAH...

SOMETIME LATER, AS THE GREAT MEGONIGLE WALKS TOWARD THE STATION HOUSE...

NO SIGN OF THE CAT? I... WHA...?

LOOKING UP, MEGONIGLE SPIES A BLACK-CLOAKED FORM STRADDLING THE PARAPET OF A ROOF.

HELLO... AND GOOD BYE!

THE BATMAN!

MEGONIGLE UNTIES THE PACKAGE TO FIND....

"PAL" IS IT! JUST BECAUSE HE DELIVERS THE JEWELS, I'M TO BE HIS "PAL"? AS SURE AS ME NAME IS MEGONIGLE, IF EVER I SEE THE BATMAN, I'LL... BLA... BLA... BLA... ETC... ETC... ETC...

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY, ANOTHER HAS VERY DIFFERENT THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE BATMAN...

Here are the missing coins. Develop a plan. It will explain my reasons for taking your diamonds. And, I can't let you deliver the Cat too! Your delph!

BOB KANE

I SORT OF WISH THE BATMAN WERE DRIVING THIS CAR AND I WERE SITTING BESIDE HIM... AND WE WERE JUST ANOTHER BOY AND GIRL OUT FOR A RIDE ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT. THAT WOULD BE SORT OF... OF... NICE!!

The **BATMAN**

SAYS:



HELLO, Readers! Now that you've read all these new adventures of mine and Robin's, I'd like to talk right AT you for a minute or so.

I think Robin and I make it pretty clear that **WE HATE CRIME AND CRIMINALS!** There's nothing we like better than to crack down on the distasteful denizens of the underworld. Why? Because we're proud of being **AMERICANS**—and we know there's no place in this great country of ours for lawbreakers!

That phrase, "CRIME DOESN'T PAY," has been used over and over again to the point where I hesitate to repeat it. But remember this: **IT'S JUST AS TRUE NOW AS IT EVER WAS—AND THAT'S PLENTY TRUE!**

Sure, it may seem that lawbreakers DO get away with breaking the law. Some may get away with it longer than others. But in the end, every crook gets what's coming to him—and that means plenty of trouble with the law!

Robin and I hope that our adventures may help to "put over" that fact. We'd like to feel that our efforts may help every youngster to grow up into an honest, useful citizen.

It depends on **YOU** and **YOU** and **YOU**. You've got to govern your own lives so that they can be worthwhile, fruitful lives—not lives wasted in prison, or even thrown away altogether before the ready guns of the law-enforcement agents whose duty it is to guard those of us who are honest from those of us who are not. And not only must you guide your OWN life in the proper channels—you must also strive to be a good influence on the lives of others.

If you do all this, if you are definitely on the side of Law and Order, then Robin and I salute you and are glad to number you among our friends!

---- and what the **BATMAN**
says goes **DOUBLE** for me!



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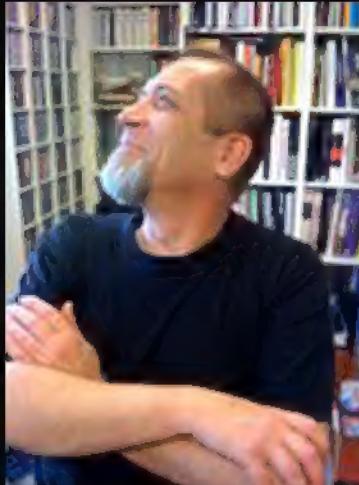
DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 933 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN